

BRIDEGROOM CLASON IS STILL DESERTED.

Not a Trace Has Been Found of the Young Wife Who Disappeared Strangely.

The Only Cause Suspected by the Husband Is That Her Mind May Have Been Deranged.

SHE TOOK HER PURSE WITH HER.

One of Mrs. Clason's Sisters Is Said to Be Slightly Demented and She Had a Period of Mental Depression Two Years Ago.

Constance, the daughter of Charles F. Zentgraf, senior partner of Louis Dejeu & Co., fancy paper manufacturers, in Duane street, was married nine days ago to Hans Clason, connected with the firm. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Clason went to housekeeping on last Thursday in a handsome dwelling adjoining that of the Zentgrafs, in Stapleton, S. I. They were to give their first dinner party to twenty guests on Saturday evening. Mr. Clason came home at 5 o'clock with a bunch of roses for his wife. She was gone and no one had seen her leave the house.

The disappearance of Mrs. Constance Clason, the bride of Hans Clason, of Stapleton, S. I., is unexplained. Her husband and her father, Charles F. Zentgraf, with the assistance of friends, continued the search all day yesterday, without finding a trace of the bride of a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clason had just taken possession of a handsome residence adjoining that of the bride's parents. Mrs. Clason visited her mother at noon and discussed the final arrangements for the first dinner party to be given last night, and then returned to her own home. That was the last seen of her by any person so far as known.

The two servants employed in the Clason home cannot tell when she left the house. She wore a plain street gown, a light cape and took her purse containing a considerable sum of money. Her friends and the police are of the opinion that she did not leave Stapleton, as she was so well known that it is hardly possible that she could have taken the train or passed through the ferryhouse at St. George without having been seen and recognized. Consequently a search has been made on Grymes Hill and in the vicinity of Silver Lake.

Mr. Clason reached his home, after having made inquiries in New York, shortly after midnight last night, and set up all night with the house lights and the door ajar, hoping against hope that his wife would return. The house was closed yesterday. Friends of the family say that the young couple had been engaged for two years and were most affectionate. The match was entirely a satisfactory one to all relatives, and the bride and groom appeared extremely happy.

One of Mrs. Clason's sisters has a slight mental affection and is cared for at her home by a professional nurse. It was said that she had been subject to mental depression two years ago.

A thorough search of the island and of the many inland lakes which the young lady often visited will be begun to-day.

TWO HURT IN A RUNAWAY.

Samuel Myers and Mrs. C. H. Leggett Thrown From Vehicles in Central Park.

A horse, attached to a light wagon occupied by Mr. Samuel Myers, of No. 104 Second avenue, took fright on the drive near the Central Park boathouse yesterday afternoon and ran away. Mr. Myers was thrown out, alighting on his head, and was severely injured. The driver and his horse were crowded, and great excitement prevailed as the horse continued unchecked on its way. A wagon, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Leggett, of No. 72 East Ninety-second street, was struck by the runaway, and Mrs. Leggett was hurled to the ground. She was not seriously hurt, but her horse was stopped by Mounted Patrolman Ferguson, near Seventy-ninth street. Mr. Myers was taken in the Park ambulance to the Presbyterian Hospital.

PATRIOTISM FROM THE PULPIT.

Sons of the American Revolution in a Body Listen to Dr. Kittredge's Eloquence.

The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution attended the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, corner of Fifty-second street and Madison avenue, yesterday afternoon. The pulpit was decorated with an American flag and a profusion of flowers in honor of the occasion.

The society each year attends some burial in a body, when its members listen to a patriotic sermon by one or other of its noted divines of this city. The members were out in force yesterday, and were present being General Howard Carter, General Horace Porter, Mr. J. Collins Fumelle, Chairman H. M. McKim, President of the society, J. Van Vleeton Gleit and Edward Bagshaw Hall, the registrar of the society, and others. The sermon was by Dr. Kittredge, who preached on the noble deeds and the lessons furnished the American people in the memorable struggle of 1776.

MRS. "JOHNIE" BAKER DEAD.

Wife of the Well-Known "Wild West" Marksmen Is No More.

Mrs. Della Baker, wife of "Johnnie" Baker, the adopted son of Colonel William F. Cody, died suddenly last Friday at the New York residence of Jule Keene, treasurer of the "Wild West" show. Before marriage Mrs. Baker and her sister, Miss Farron, rode in the arena of "Buffalo Bill's" exhibition in all the principal cities of the world.

She was very popular with all members of the "Wild West" show, and was full of sympathy and sympathy from Philadelphia to her mother and husband. "Johnnie" Baker's marvellous skill with rifle and pistol is well known.

HAD A SHOPLIFTER'S BAG

Two Women Taken With Stolen Goods on Their Persons Held for Trial.

Miss Louisa Elvett, private detective for O'Neill's Sixth avenue dry goods store, had Mary Anderson, twenty-five years old, of No. 15 Broadway, Yonkers, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday, on a charge of stealing a pair of hose, valued at \$1.25, from the counters. In a satchel she was carrying were found five trinkets and toilet articles, with Mary & Co.'s price tags. She was held in \$500 bail.

Mary Watson, thirty-two years old, who refused her address, was held in \$500 bail in the Yorkville Police Court, accused of having taken two silk waists in Bloomingdale. In a satchel she was carrying were under her cloak several other articles worth found.

THIS IS A TALE OF A POLICEMAN'S PLUCK.

Containing Surprising Incidents of Single-Handed Combat with a Gang.

Sorely Buffeted and Torn, He Clung to One of Their Number Until Overpowered.

REFRESHED, HE RE-ENGAGED THEM.

Three Were Captured by Perseverance, Which Is Fittingly Detailed in the True Tale Which Doth Follow.

George McCormack has been a policeman about two months. He lives at No. 237 East Forty-fifth street, and the growler gangs that give character to the vicinity do not love policemen.

Saturday afternoon McCormack attended a funeral of a relative. It was night when he returned home, and Mrs. Myers, who lives at No. 226, was leaning out of her window. When she saw the new policeman she smiled disdainfully. "Ah, mei Oh, my!"

McCormack went to his little flat on the second floor of No. 237 and sat down to smoke, dressed in only an undershirt, trousers and slippers. Suddenly the disjunct strains of "She May Have Seen Better Days" ceased in the street and cries arose for help and police. McCormack saw a large crowd surrounding two struggling men. He ran down to the street.

The combatants were Thomas Kenny, of No. 809 Third avenue, and John Kerwin, of No. 183 East Forty-sixth street, who, the police say, is an ex-convict. McCormack is twenty-eight years old, muscular and as active as a cat. He pushed his way through the crowd and separated the fighters. Kerwin wanted to continue the combat, but McCormack hustled him off the block. When the policeman returned Mrs. Myers's son Fred was involved in a quarrel.

"Here, you got into the house or I'll lock you up," said McCormack, pushing the young man toward his home.

Mrs. Myers was still at her window. Now she leaned out, her face very red.

"Don't you let him do that, Fred," she cried. "Give him a sock in the jaw."

Young Myers is a dutiful son. His right fist struck McCormack squarely in the mouth, and Myers, breaking away, darted up the stairs of a house near by. Two or three of the gang got in between the fugitive and the policeman, but McCormack fought his way through, and darted up stairs. Several tough young men were at his heels. Myers was mounting quickly, but McCormack was quicker. The policeman seized him on the third landing, and the two grappled.

Some one extinguished the lamp in the hall, and Myers's friends fell upon McCormack. One of them nearly got a stroke hold on the policeman, but he broke it, and, though he was pounded and kicked, he held on to his prisoner. The two men struggled to the head of the stairs, and without a moment's warning crashed down the entire flight. Myers landed on top of the policeman and knocked the breath out of him for a moment. McCormack released his hold, and the gang was upon him again. He did not have time to regain his feet. Myers kicked him in the face, nearly rendering him senseless, and ran upstairs. The rest of the gang fled to the street.

George McCormack has nerve and persistence. He had lost his slippers in the fight, and what little clothing he had on was badly torn. Bruised and bleeding, he ran to his home, donned a coat and without stopping to put on his shoes ran out to resume the chase.

In the meanwhile Patrolman Kelly, of the East Fifty-first Street Station, had found Myers hiding under a bed, and arrested him.

After a half hour's search McCormack arrested Kenny at Forty-fourth street and Third avenue, and sent him to the station by a fellow policeman, as he saw Kerwin on the avenue between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets. Kerwin took to his heels. For several blocks pedestrians witnessed a curious chase. McCormack, battered, tattered and shoeless, hanging relentlessly at the heels of the flying Kerwin. The latter dodged across the avenue and back again, taking advantage of passing cars and vehicles, but to no avail. He finally felt the hand of McCormack on his shoulder, and then he gave in.

The three prisoners were held in \$1,000 each yesterday by Magistrate Brann in the Yorkville Police Court.

MUST REMOVE THEIR HATS.

Brooklyn Women's Health Protective League Will Down the Big Bonnet.

Tonight in Brooklyn the crusade against tall bonnets with waving plumes will be commenced. Notices will be posted in the various theatres requesting women who wear large hats to remove them during the performances.

The movement for this reform was started by the Women's Health Protective Association. Some women of Brooklyn are not at all thankful to that organization. These women threaten to wear higher hats than usual to-night.

The action against tall hats is also frowned upon. Colonel Smith, of the Manhattan Theatre, has mildly hinted that charming women bring the gum to the theatre and leave it there. After a matinee the curtains are covered with discarded gum.

It has been suggested by an ingenious theatrical man that the Women's Health Protective Society provide paste to be attached to the seats in which women can leave their gum. Individual pans will be used.

HIS LOVE ENDS FATALLY.

Sad Story of a Valiant's Passion for a Pretty Girl.

Frederick Bartholomew was the real name of the young New Yorker whose suicide by hanging at the Troy House, in Poughkeepsie, on Saturday night, was described in a dispatch to the Journal published yesterday. He had registered at the hotel as Paul Pourseller. He killed himself because he imagined that his sweetheart, a pretty young Danish servant named Kathinka Gruener, had given her affections to another. The girl is heartbroken over the affair.

Bartholomew was the valet of Gerald Coddington, a retired merchant, living No. 24 East Seventy-ninth street. He was an excellent and trustworthy servant, received a handsome salary, most of which he spent in presents for Miss Gruener. Mr. Coddington will bring the body to the city to-day for interment.

STOLEN CHILD WHO IS NOW AN HEIRESS.

After Thirty Years a Clew Is Found to the Mystery of Mary Gaffney's Abduction.

That Is What Her Aged Godfather Says, and the Brooklyn Police Are Working Upon It.

A SMALL FORTUNE IS AWAITING HER.

Romance Which Began in Ireland and Then Shifted to This Country Finding Its Climax When News Was Brought of the Battle of Gettysburg.

The Brooklyn police have sent out a general alarm for John H. Smith, as it is believed that his apprehension will lead to the discovery of a long lost heiress, who was stolen from in front of her home during the War of the Rebellion. The request for police aid was made by seventy-year-old Michael Flannigan, of No. 452 Warren street, whose story reveals an unusually interesting romance.

Flannigan and Nora O'Leary were sweethearts as children in Ireland. They quarrelled and Flannigan came to this country. His young sweetheart consoled herself by marrying Michael Gaffney, a friend of Flannigan's. They also after a time came to America. By a strange coincidence they took up their residence but a few doors away from where Flannigan lived, at No. 43 Talman street, Brooklyn. Both Flannigan and Gaffney became citizens, and despite the fact that they had been rivals they grew to be friends.

When a little girl came to Nora and her husband Flannigan stood up for the child at the christening and used to say that if anything ever happened to her parents he would be a father to her.

When the war broke out Gaffney enlisted and went to the front with the Fourteenth Regiment. The night before he started he made Flannigan promise that if he fell he would look out for the widow and little Mary, who was then nearly four years old.

Gaffney was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. Flannigan was about to break the news to the widow when he found that she had thrown additional sorrow in her path. Little Mary had been sent to the corner grocery, a few doors away, to purchase some sugar and had not returned. The next day the following advertisement was inserted in a Brooklyn paper.

ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1863, A CHILD, MARY GAFFNEY, named.

strayed or was stolen from her home, No. 43 Talman street, corner of Bridge street, Brooklyn. She was of fair complexion, had blue eyes, light hair, and is 4½ years old, and wears a brown merino dress and pink hood, and answers to the name of "Mammy."

The child's father is in the army. She was her mother's only comfort, who is now irretrievably at her loss. It is hoped that all charitable and humane persons will interest themselves in endeavoring to restore the lost one to her broken-hearted mother.

MARRIES HIS OLD SWEETHEART. A few days later the news of her husband's death was made known to the widow by Flannigan, who offered all the consolation he could. The double loss was more than Mrs. Gaffney could bear, and she was taken ill and hovered between life and death for weeks. One year later Flannigan married the widow.

For thirty years Flannigan has searched for the missing child without avail. He was a saving man and accumulated money. Then little Mary was left \$15,000 by a distant relative of her father. The money is now in a Brooklyn savings bank. The girl's mother died seven years ago. She had always yearned for her child, and for a few years prior to her death went about looking into the faces of girls he met on the street. The day she died she made her husband promise that he would continue the search, which he has faithfully done.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF SMITH? On Thursday while on the way to the Eastern District of Brooklyn he met a man named John H. Smith, whom he had not seen for many years. He spoke to Smith about his missing step-child and was almost struck dumb with joy by being informed by the man that he knew where Mary was, and that she had for years been looking for her parents. Flannigan gave the man his address and had a promise from him that he would call the next day.

"I met the man at the corner of Bond and Pacific streets," Mr. Flannigan said last evening, "and when he told me he knew where Mary was I was beside myself with joy. In my excitement I failed to get his address. He has not called at my house, and that is why I appealed to the police to help me to look him up."

Flannigan says he thinks it was known that Mary would come into money some day and that she was abducted by some one on that account. The faithful stepfather has \$10,000 in his own name for the girl and a life insurance policy in her name.

Diamond Auction!

JOHN H. FRENCH, Auctioneer, Will sell on Tuesday, April 21, at 12 o'clock noon, and continuing daily until the entire stock is sold.

The Immense Wholesale Stock of

MAX FREUND & CO.,

No. 8 Maiden Lane,

Wholesale Jewellers and Importers

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Sale preliminary to close the business on account of retiring.

The Stock Consists of One Hundred Thousand Dollars' Worth

of diamonds and rare gems in great variety of settings. High grade American and Swiss watches and rich gold jewelry.

All to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

N. B.—All precious stones will be sold with privilege of examination by experts if desired before paying for same.

JOHN H. FRENCH, Auctioneer.

A LITTLE Smarter in Style,

A LITTLE Better in Quality,

A GREAT Deal Lower in Price.

MCCANN'S SPRING HATS,

210 Bowery, near Spring St.

favor for \$5,000 more, so that if she is ever discovered she will come into a snug little fortune.

"I am a very old man," said Mr. Flannigan last night, "and it worries me to think that I may be called away before Mary is found, and then what will become of the money? I will be satisfied to die if I can see her again and know that she is well and happy."

IS HE JACK THE HUGGER?

A New Haven Architect Arrested on Suspicion of Having Publicly Attacked Women Denies the Charge.

Hartford, Conn., April 19.—Max Gerst, an architect employed by Theodore Norton & Co., who has moved in good society here, was arrested last night charged with being "Jack the Hugger."

Two women who had been maltreated by the hugger identified Gerst as their assailant. Since Good Friday night, when Ellen Norton, a domestic, was attacked on her way home at 11 o'clock, the police have been on the watch.

The police made one arrest, but the man proved an alibi. A clew was struck through a letter received by Chief of Police Bill, informing him that Miss Vida Ayer, a young society woman, was being annoyed by Max Gerst. A policeman was detailed to shadow Gerst. Sufficient evidence was obtained, according to the story vouchered for by the police, to warrant his arrest. He has been identified by Miss Nelson and Mrs. Dunham as the man who assaulted them.

He says his family resides in New York and is respectfully connected. He says his father is an artist. His nationality is Austrian-German, and he has been in this country twelve years, five of which has been spent in Hartford. He denies all the charges, and has retained Counselor Joseph L. Barbour to defend him. The city has been greatly excited over the hugger's mysterious actions. Women have not dared to go out on quiet streets in the evening without an escort, and masses of men and boys have scoured the suburbs to catch the miscreant. The man who was arrested by mistake the other day narrowly escaped punishment at the hands of an excited crowd.

RESCUERS WERE FOILED.

Sonorator Stabbed Fira, Who May Die, and a Mob Fought a Policeman Who Made the Arrest.

Antonio Sonatoro, thirty-six years old, a laborer, of No. 120 Baxter street, and Antonio Fira, of No. 317 Baxter street, fought last night at the corner of Hester and Baxter streets. Fira was stabbed on the left side of the neck, near the jugular vein, and in the left arm. The wound in the neck is serious, and at St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was taken, it is said he will die.

Patrolman Light arrested Sonatoro, and Fira's Sonatoro, of No. 217 Hester street, the latter as a witness. The policeman experienced much difficulty in taking his prisoners to the station house. A large crowd following him and several attempts being made to rescue the prisoners. Light used his club freely.

At Baxter and Canal streets the policeman was assaulted by Andrew Sonatoro, of No. 128 Baxter street, a brother to the prisoner. Patrolman O'Connor arrested Andrew Sonatoro. The police could not learn the cause of the fatal fight.

EDWARD BEYARS OWNS A VANISHING BELT.

He Showed It to Hoboken Club Friends and It Disappeared.

Returned from San Francisco and, While He Boasted, Away It Went.

CAME BACK FROM NEW MEXICO.

Chicago Returned It a Third Time, and as It Has Passed from Sight Again Its Return from Liverpool Is Now Expected.

Personal.

The party who has my coat strap had better return it at once and avoid trouble. E. B. Edward Beyars is a prominent member of Hoboken society. He lives at No. 812 Washington street, and belongs to all the swell Hoboken clubs. A coat strap is a thing that is worn by ultra-fashionable Hoboken swells who wear those long English coats that stick to the body like a porous plaster. The strap is buttoned around the waist to help the coat to stick. All the Hoboken swells wear the coats, but only a few straps.

Mr. Beyars bought a coat and a strap in London last Fall. He appeared in them for the first time in the Germania Boat Club house. Most of the members had coats just like his, but they all became deeply interested in the strap.

"Oh, it's very simple," explained Mr. Beyars. "It just buttons in the back where it holds the pleats in place. It's detachable, you know."

When Mr. Beyars put on his coat to go home that night the strap had disappeared. The members and the servants hunted high and low for it and seemed quite hurt that they were unable to find it. Mr. Beyars was quite cast down over his loss, but two weeks passed by and he had almost forgotten it, when one morning he received a package postmarked San Francisco. It contained his coat strap and one written word:

"Rank."

"Say, boys," he said at the club that night, "what do you think happened to me? The fellow that stole my coat strap sent it back from San Francisco."

The news created great surprise, but greater still was the surprise when Mr. Beyars clapped his hands to the small of his back and exclaimed:

"It's gone!"

"This passes a joke!" said Jack Macbold, one of the officers of the club. All the other members were highly indignant over the matter, and all advised Beyars to catch the thief and punch his head.

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Three weeks later Beyars turned up jubilant. Say, boys, the fellow that stole my coat strap must be a great traveler. Just got back again!"

"No, really?" they all cried.

"Yep! She came back this morning from New Mexico. I'm going to keep my coat on after this."

"That's right!" they all said.

THE NEXT MORNING, however, and Beyars allowed the strap to dangle down his back. Again it disappeared, and almost simultaneously with Beyars's discovery of his loss there was a awful crash in the corridor of the clubhouse. Mattinge, with his hair disheveled and his scarf twisted around to the back of his neck, burst into the room breathless.

"He—he got the best of me!" he gasped.

"He captured?"

"Who? What?" asked the members, excitedly.

"The burglar!"

"Burglar?" cried Beyars. "He's got my coat strap!"

A roar of indignation filled the room. "Look," said Beyars, pointing to the buttons on the back of his coat. "Gone!" Every member in the room looked carefully at the lonesome buttons, and then they all shook their heads.

"It's all right!" cried Beyars, tripping blithely into the clubhouse a few weeks later. "It's come back."

"What came back?"

"My coat strap. New Orleans this time. Sent a note with it, too. Confoundedly impolite note, at that."

"Where's the strap?"

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE.

"Here it is—hanging down my back. Too warm—say! where?"

Beyars was red in the face, and was looking all over the floor.

"Guess I must have dropped it—or—"

"Out with it!" thundered Mattinge. "Do you suspect any of us of having stolen it?"

"No, no, not exactly," stammered Beyars, "but it's funny about that coat strap."

It came back, however, a few days later, from Chicago. And ever since then it has disappeared and reappeared with marvelous regularity. One day Beyars had it sewed to the back of his coat. He wore it to a reception at which most of the Hoboken swells were present.

"It's all right to-night," he said to Mattinge. "I've got the strap fixed."

THE COAT WENT, TOO.

That night the strap disappeared again. The coat went with it. The coat was at Beyars's house when he reached there. The strap had been carefully removed; only the broken stitches that had held it in place remained. A week later the strap came down from Halifax.

Beyars had become superstitious about the strap. It had wrecked his whole nervous system and had made him suspicious of all his friends. From being a cheerful, open-hearted man he became a pessimist and had taken to bicycling. He remained away from the club. He was seen no more in Hoboken society. His life had been blighted.

On April 7 the strap disappeared again. Beyars became angry. He had intended

that week to put the coat and the strap in camp for the summer, and now he would have to wait until the strap came back—perhaps from China. He thereupon inserted the above notice in the personal column of a Hoboken paper.

On April 7, by a strange coincidence, David Meyer, one of the members of the club and an intimate friend of Beyars, sailed for Liverpool. When a Journal reporter called upon Mr. Mattinge at No. 414 Hudson street, Hoboken, yesterday, and asked him if he knew when the strap would come back again, that gentleman went through the following colloquy:

"Let me see! The 7th—six days across, six days back, makes twelve; delay, two days, makes fourteen—makes twenty-one. Oh, I should say Bey